

NOVEMBER 28, 1838.

# THE HERALD.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, under the Patronage of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. IX. No. 49.]

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1838.

[Whole No. 479.]

WILLIAM C. BROWN, Editor.

FRANKLIN RAND, Agent.

Office No. 32 Washington Street.

DAVID H. ELA, Printer.

[From the New York Evangelist.]

LINES

Written after perusing "A New Tribute to the Memory of James Brainerd Taylor."

I do remember him—that brow

Where joy and meekness met

That smile of pure benignant glow

Shines clear in memory yet!

I was a child, when first he came

To greet and bless our hearts;

Yet scenes that blest with his name

Are fresh as in their birth.

The kind reproof, in tones of love,

Which tamed my childish rage,

The fervent prayer, that rose above,

Like incense, sweet and free!

The Christian hymn he often sung,

With voice to heaven attuned,

When twilight shades were thrown around

The band which there communed:

Ah! yet thy hallowed influence lives,

To test religion's power;

As long the leaf its fragrance gives,

When shaken from the flower:

And though his spirit passed away

In manhood's early bloom,

Its holy deeds of love yet stay,

And yield their best perfume.

His was no common faith and love;

No zeal of feeble flame,

Which but the breath of scorn can prove

Lives only but in name.

His light was like the rising morn's,

Which bright and brighter gleams,

Till perfect day resplendent dawn,

To shed its cheering beams!

Where'er he turned to rest from cares,

A savor sweet remained,

As if an angel, unawares,

Had there been to the pole,

His trust was fixed on high,

And streams of joy sufficed his soul,

From fountains in the sky.

One earthly wish did inward glow,

To stand on Zion's wall,

And there the trumpet blow,

And give the watchman's call!

But, sainted one! it was a prayer

That Heaven might well refuse,

Since loftier service claimed his care,

When death thy soul should loose.

And now methinks I see thee stand

Near by the Saviour's throne,

A palm of victory in thy hand,

And on thy head a crown!

With many a star it glitters bright,

And each a token given

Of souls which from these shades of night

Thy hand did guide to heaven.

There shalt thou hunger not again,

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## Revivals.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.  
PELHAM, MASS.

BR. BROWN: The Lord has remembered us once more in Pelham. The Church has been much awakened—cold and lukewarm professors have been revived, and some sinners converted. There is considerable seriousness among the people, and some are seeking earnestly the pearl of great price. We are laboring for a general revival of God's holy work.

In Belcherstown, the Lord is reviving his work gloriously among the people. Several have already found the Saviour of lost men, and others are seeking redemption in his blood.

I learn that the prospects at Ware Village are very good. A few weeks since they were favored with interesting revival, but for some reason the interest subsided in a measure; however, the Lord it appears is passing through the place again. Last evening, three found their way to the altar for prayer. May God ride forth in the chariot of his power, until all this region is visited with his salvation.

JAMES O. DEAN.

WOODSTOCK, VT.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:  
DEAR BROTHER: We are realizing a good degree of the peaceful presence of our Saviour in this vicinity. A number have obtained salvation from sin, and during a few weeks past, ten have united with us on probation; others are inquiring the way to Zion, with a good resolution to go thither. Our prayer and class meetings, which are well attended, are truly refreshing. The penitents laden under a sense of sin, have found their way to them, and have returned rejoicing that their names were written in heaven. That we may be soon favored with an extensive revival of pure religion in this place, is the earnest prayer of Your brother,

AMASA G. BUTTON.

Woodstock, Vt., Dec. 1, 1838.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

ESPERANCE, N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER: God is with us in this place; about 25 have found that Christ has power on earth to forgive sins. The work is still progressing. My worthy colleagues, Messrs. Osborne and Seeger, are with us in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. The subjects, thus far, are from the old man of 70 to the child of 14. We are looking for a more glorious manifestation of the rich mercy of Jesus Christ. Our prospects are good in all parts of the circuit. To God be all the glory!

Yours, &c. H. L. STARKS.

Nov. 2.

GRANVILLE CIRCUIT, N. C.

MESSRS. EDITORS: We have had a good work on Granville circuit this year; I suppose about 300 souls have professed to be born of the Spirit in the bounds of our charge, and many, many are still inquiring what they shall do to be saved. Among those who have professed religion, we number a great many young persons, both male and female, now just stepping on the threshold of life, who promise great usefulness to the Church.

We feel much gratified in saying that the doctrine of the cross is entering a happy influence upon the minds of the people in many portions of our work; but as there are still many slumbering upon the verge of ruin, our cry is, "O Lord, continue to revive thy work in the midst of the years;" for so long as we behold our fellow men in danger of eternal fire, there is a great anxiety to do all we can for their relief. The welfare of our congregations, the prosperity of the Church of Christ, are matters in which we feel the deepest interest.

JOSEPH GOODMAN.

Nov. 14.

SPRING HILL, ALA.

DEAR BROTHER: There is some good news from many places in the south this year. On Maringo circuit there have been about 25 conversions, and 160 added by letter and on probation, and times are still brightening. We are expecting a more general revival, but our want of preachers depresses us much. Will preachers of other conferences stand and see us struggle with our mighty load, and sink, and not reach a kind hand of help? Lord of the harvest, send forth more laborers!

Yours, with esteem,

W. H. M'DANIEL.

Oct. 16.

MADISON C. H., VA.

DEAR BROTHER: The Lord has visited Madison circuit, Va. Con., this year. About 110 have found redemption in the blood of Christ. Of this number 90 were converted at our camp meeting, held at Mount Zion meeting house in August. Christianity is rapidly advancing. Our beloved Church is appearing "as fair as the moon, and as clear as the sun." Her enemies are utterly confounded. It is the Lord's doings. His name be praised forever!

M. A. DENX.

Oct. 25.

SHARON, CONN.

DEAR BROTHER: The Lord has been pleased to pour out upon the people of this charge the gracious influences of his Holy Spirit; between 40 and 50 profess to have "passed from death unto life," 37 of whom have been received on probation in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Respectfully,

WM. K. STOFFORD.

Nov. 10.

We copy the following interesting item of news from the "Family Visitor," a weekly paper published in Wetumpka, Ala., by our Effort Baptist brother Rev. J. D. Williams:—[South West. Ch. Ad.]

"In Georgia, God is most miraculously reviving his work in the Churches of all denominations. We have conversed with several of our townsmen who have witnessed this great work, and they speak of it as being the most extraordinary manifestation and display of convicting and converting grace that they had ever beheld. It spreads through a number of the middle and upper counties, and is not confined to any one denomination, age, or sex, embracing many of the most wealthy and talented citizens."

## Missionary.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

A NEW MISSIONARY STATION IN OREGON.

To the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church.

Rev. and Dear Brother in Christ:—We are happy in thus presenting to the board of managers an account of the commencement of a new station two hundred miles up the Columbia and one hundred above Fort Vancouver, near the great falls, usually called the Dalles. The measure was determined on last autumn; and we were then appointed to the performance of that work. Preparations were made during the winter, as far as our means would allow, and on the 14th of March we took our leave of our fellow laborers on the Willamette station, bearing with us letters of introduction, and their prayers; and while our hearts still lingered with them, our light canoe bore us away on the flowing current of the beautiful Willamette.

On the 16th we reached Fort Vancouver, and the next day, with two loaded canoes, manned by several men—six of them Indians—we proceeded up the Columbia. Our cargoes embraced some building materials, farming utensils, carpenter's tools, articles of trade, and provisions.

You might now have seen us winding our way close along the northern shore—here in a small bay, there passing a projecting rock. Twenty miles above the fort the scenery changes. Hills and mountains rise on either hand in wild majestic grandeur. Our eyes gazed on their snowy tops till wearied with the effort, and then they found relief in the still more pleasing sight of here and there a silver cascade falling from the overhanging rocks. Now a gentle breeze, with a blanket for a sail, soon wafted us forward to the first rapids, which extend from three to four miles; and in many places our canoes were drawn up by a line. They terminate in the cascades, where there is a portage, one fourth of a mile, over which the Indians soon transported our goods and canoes. The river falls here but a few feet—not perpendicular, but over a bed of ragged rocks, that break nearly the whole volume of water into foaming fury.

After leaving the cascades, we still gaze on a rude and broken landscape; but the mountains are not so lofty and the hills are more barren than below. Twenty-five miles above this, we have a fine view of Mount Hood to the southward, distant thirty miles; a large open plain intervenes, extending to the Columbia on the north.

On the 21st, seven days after leaving Willamette, we reached this place. The location we have chosen is situated on the south side of the river, about four miles below the falls. Here a small creek empties into the Columbia. Its Indian name is Ho-iss. The mouth, on the eastern side, is Wascopam village, from which our station takes its name. Here is a beautiful prairie half a mile wide, extending from the village, two miles above the river, toward the Dalles. Back of this, and parallel to it, at the elevation of more than a hundred feet, is a valuable tract of table land of nearly equal measure, and a similar tract, at a medium elevation, lies on the other side of the Ho-iss. Much of the soil is excellent; and, if necessary, may be irrigated at no great expense. The Ho-iss is a valuable mill stream.

Further back the land rises into hills, intersected by deep valleys. These are covered with grass, and ornamented and enriched with oak and pine. From the hills we have an enchanting view of Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helen, mantled in their everlasting snows—the standing monuments of the power of God. On the other side, the country is quite destitute of timber, and there is little on either side after leaving the Dalles. It is, however, an excellent grazing country, and as such must become highly valuable at no very distant period. Why should not the ever-growing enterprise of the citizens of the American republic, throw its arm around these resources and carry them forward to bless mankind? It appears to us that the time has come that calls for something grand and noble from the people of the United States, in the immediate settlement of this country.

But to return. The Dalles are the finest salmon fishery in the world, and are every year visited by large numbers of Indians from the surrounding country. Besides, about one thousand are constant residents in the vicinity. The snow remains but a few days, and animals require no feeding. The climate, in mildness, most resembles that of the Willamette. We have made a small garden, sowed a little wheat and peas, and planted a few bushels of potatoes, having first prepared the ground with a spade and hoe. We have chosen a house lot and commenced purchasing building timber. The Indians appear friendly, and show apparent readiness to assist us. Should they do this, we flatter ourselves with the promise of a house the ensuing winter. But knowing, as we do, the habits of the Indians generally, at present we can calculate for but little from them. Besides, the transportation of all our supplies from the Willamette settlement and Fort Vancouver, will leave but one of us here, one half of the time. We have one Owyhee, but a good laborer man could not be obtained, either from the Willamette or from Vancouver; at which place a gentleman candidly remarked the night men, at least, should be employed to commence such a station—a sentiment in which we most heartily concur. The Indians have brought us considerable game and fish, and have received their pay in ammunition, fish-hooks, needles, flints, &c.

On our arrival, a large number of them crowded to the shore to gaze at their new visitors. Some of them were wrapped in buffalo robes, some in deer skins, and others wore a shirt and trousers, or a shirt only, and some were quite naked. Many of their faces were quite black with smoke and dirt—having long been strangers to water. A few Indians brought us to their village. It contains about fifteen houses. They are built of cedar boards, and covered with the bark. Each occupies an area of about fifteen by twenty feet, with roofs a little elevated in the middle. The door is a low narrow opening through the wall, covered with a mat. The fire is in the centre, and the smoke escapes through the opening at the top. Here the whole household mingle together. The boys are naked—the men often so, and the girls and women but partially covered. Such are Indian houses and families—the wretched abodes of wretchedness, which we must constantly see, but are little able to relieve.

March 25th, the first Sabbath after our arrival, they met us a short distance from the village, for religious worship. Forty of them came together, and we spoke to them through an interpreter. They were attentive, and behaved with much decorum. The women and children did not attend. They were probably kept back through fear of the strangers. Next Sabbath, April 1st, seventy-five were present, nearly all men. The women at this season are abroad, obtaining a supply of roots among the surrounding hills. In a short ride, not long ago, we saw several of the half-starved creatures thus employed. They perform most of the drudgery, and are often treated with much severity by the men. Last Tuesday, the chief, whose name is Wan-ut-ta, returned from a trip down the Columbia, and in the evening he called to see us; when we told him why we had come to reside in his country. The next day he had a council with his people, which seems to have had a favorable result, for the day after he came out with a large party and assisted us in preparing timber for a house. The same day, a Walla-walla chief called on us and presented us a fine horse. Friday and Saturday he and his people gambled with Wan-ut-ta and his people. Some did not engage in it; saying they did not understand it, or that it was not good.

On Saturday, the 16th, Bro. Jason Lee, our beloved superintendent, called on us, on his way to the United States, accompanied by Messrs. Edwards and Ewing.

Yesterday being Sabbath, he addressed the Indians about one hundred and fifty were present, who were all very attentive. Bro. Lee has crossed the river, and is encamped in sight on the other side, where the tent now glimmers in the setting sun. We are going over to take our leave of him.

Dr. McLaughlin has gone out with the spring express, and will probably visit you at New York. We are busy in writing letters, and attending to many calls on every hand; so that we have but just time to throw in a hasty note at the close of this communication. Our missionary work is now before us. We see, we feel it; but how shall we accomplish it? Is it an easy work? If any so judge of it, let them make good their boast. But they cannot do this, alas! The lapse of eighteen hundred years since the command went forth to evangelize the nations, finds three-fourths of our race on the dire verge of interminable ruin still, and shows that not a few merely have entertained the dangerous sentiment—but that it has prevailed to an alarming extent—justifying farther and yet farther the day of the world's redemption. Do you, do any ask, whether the opinion is now cherished? We point you to the greatness of the work yet to be done, and the smallness of the means to the end—to the six hundred missionaries in heathen lands, and the receipts of your missionary societies; and the inference is irresistible, that the baneful and delusive thought is still enter-

tained by thousands of professing Christians! Let it be banished from every heart! Let men and men be called forth to do the great work. "Come over and help us" in Oregon. Who will come? Some who are eloquent in pleading the cause of missions? Some fallers? Some young men, strong to labor? May the Lord "thrust out" many! The world is large, and the harvest is waiting for the sickle. Now is the time to labor. Look at the perishing millions, and go forth. Tarry not.

Resolved to glorify God our Saviour, and by all means to labor for the salvation of the dying red man, we remain truly and affectionately your obedient sons in the Gospel of Christ.

DANIEL LEE,  
H. K. W. PERKINS.  
Wascopam, Oregon Territory, April 16.

MISSIONARY.—The other day, Miss Mary Jane Spear brought us a fine "Missionary Comforter," made by the Misses of the Bennett street Sabbath school, for the Oregon Mission. We sent twenty boxes of goods, including the Comforter, by the ship Fame. We are very glad that the people here, and even the children, remember the poor heathen, and the Missionaries who have gone to do them good.—S. S. Messenger.

## DEDICATION.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:

DEAR BROTHER:—Nothing is more delightful and gaudy to my soul, than to witness those noble and praiseworthy acts, which bespeak a deep and heartfelt interest in the promotion of the cause of Christ, and the upbuilding of the Redeemer's Kingdom. It is, therefore, with the utmost pleasure, that I take my pen, to record some few things connected with the short history of the M. E. Church in this place.

It was organized by the Rev. T. G. Brown, Sept. 6th, 1838,—then consisting of sixteen members. The following winter they were blessed with a gracious revival of religion, and forty or fifty were added to their number. The house where they assembled to worship, having been the place of much contention, and many conflicting and strange doctrines having been advanced and propagated there; and, as it was not at all inviting, or convenient as a place of religious worship, the brethren, though few, and not widely, entered upon the laudable and excellent design, of taking down this "Babel," and of erecting a new, neat and commodious house for public worship, based upon such principles, as not to cause confusion or confounding of doctrines. This work was commenced the first of last August, and completed the 12th inst. Its dimensions are 36 by 46 feet. The 16th inst. this new house was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. At the appointed hour, it was filled with attentive hearers and worshippers, though the time was not pleasant for the occasion. The services were conducted in a very interesting and proper manner. The choir, which was augmented by the chorists of other churches, who came up nobly to our help, especially from the Congregationalists, and for which we tender them our sincere thanks, performed admirably. As the preachers, who conducted the services, entered the house, proceeded to the altar and pulpit, and bowed in silent prayer, they sang that solemn anthem,

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

Bro. F. Upham then gave out the well-adapted hymn,

"Behold thy Temple, God of grace."

Bro. T. Ely read the following scriptures, viz. 1 Kings viii. 22—35, Matt. v. 1—17. Bro. J. Steele followed in a very appropriate address to "the throne of grace." The hymn,

"How beautiful are their feet,"

was given out by Bro. T. Ely. We were then agreeably entertained for an hour, in listening to a sound, clear and cogent discourse, founded on 2 John, 10. (If there came any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed.) By Bro. E. Upham, who failed not to bring to view the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, as taught by Christ and his apostles. Bro. T. G. Brown gave out the last hymn,

"How lovely are thy tents, O Lord,"

and made the concluding prayer. The writer then pronounced the benediction of the people. Thus was his splendid little edifice consecrated to the worship of the great Head of the Church.

The season was truly interesting to the beholder; for there was to be seen the ministers of the different churches of the place, together with more or less of their congregations, uniting in the consecrating services, and thus signifying their approbation of the erection of this house in their town.

Nearly half of the pews are sold. All are taken up by proprietors, so there was no duty to collect. The church, or society, was formed by the members of this youthful church have a good share of enterprise, believing in the use of right means. The Sabbath School, Missionary, Abolition cause, &c., are not forgotten, though we cannot do but little at present, but are resolved to do what we can, heartily, as unto the Lord.

We trust all who believe in the efficacy of prayer, will "pray for us," that the great Head of the Church may own and bless our efforts to build up the kingdom of Christ.

Orleans, Nov. 22, 1838.

\*We presume this is an error, but we have not the means of correcting it.

## GRAHAM BOARDING HOUSE.

The advocates of Temperance in all things, will find it much to their advantage to call at the Graham House, in this city, No. 23 Brattle street. They will here find an abundance of plain food, prepared in the neatest and best manner. Order and quiet reign in this house, and it is really a desirable home for the weary traveler. Twenty-one varieties of food were served up at the Thanksgiving dinner at this house. Think of this, ye who talk about bran bread and water, and say Grahamites have nothing to eat.—[COMMUNICATED.]

## AFFECTING SCENE.

A report of the Sabbath School mentions a very affecting scene connected with a mother and a daughter.

The daughter, during the past year, joined the Bible class connected with the school.—The first Sabbath she was deeply impressed on account of her sins. She attended the female prayer meeting of the class, and the exhortations there addressed to her were soon blessed in her hopeful conversion. On the next Sabbath, she came to the class conducting her mother, who was fourscore and six years old.

Since then, this aged mother hopes she has given herself to the Saviour. Her lamentation now is, that this was not done before; but she is resolved to do what is in her power to redeem the time.

What scene can be more affecting, than that of a child who has just found her Saviour, conducting an aged parent to the same blessed friend.—S. S. Visitor.

The Philadelphia Observer states that the Third Presbytery of Philadelphia now includes about thirty ministers, thirty churches, and forty-six hundred members.—Their charitable contributions last year amounted to nineteen thousand dollars, exclusive of supporting their own poor.

The amount collected at the Olean, on Friday evening, for the benefit of the Mariner's House, was \$366 97.—The expenses were \$48 50, leaving \$318 47 at the disposal of the Rev. Mr. Taylor.

It is stated that the average rate of travelling on the railroad from London to Birmingham, in England, is about thirty-eight miles an hour, exclusive of stoppage.

## ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1838.

□ We wish our Agents to bear in mind, in sending names of new subscribers, to write in full the Christian and surname. Also, in sending money for old subscribers, to state the name of the Post Office where the paper is sent. By so doing, they will greatly oblige

THE AGENT.

□ We are informed by the *Me. Wesleyan Journal*, that Rev. Ephraim Wiley of the Me. Conference, who was stationed at Augusta, has been obliged, on account of ill-health, to leave his charge. His illness is occasioned by severe bronchitis, attended with spitting of blood. We understand that he has removed to Provincetown, with the intention of spending the winter there.

Rev. S. G. Hiller, Jr., of Salem, has been lying ill, for a number of weeks, at Ipswich, whither he went to preach, and was suddenly taken sick. His disorder is typhus fever. For some time he was considered dangerous, but we believe is now slowly recovering.

Dr. Fisk.—In a letter to the editor, dated Nov. 23d, Dr. Fisk says, "My health, through divine mercy, is somewhat improved, although I am still mostly confined to the house."

## FEMALE RELIEF SOCIETY.

The Methodist Societies in this city have connected with the suffering sick and poor, without any reference to their religious sentiments. Each member of the Society pays a stipulated sum, we believe 50 cents annually. Once a year, generally in the autumn, a sermon is delivered, and a collection taken up. The Societies have also monthly meetings, when the members engage in making garments for the poor, and in an interchange of thoughts relative to their relief. A board of managers is chosen yearly, whose duty it is to visit the suffering poor, and contribute to their relief.

The Society connected with Bennett Street Church, has, during the past year, paid out, generally in small sums, the sum of 170 dollars. Not much of this however is paid in money, but in wood, articles of clothing, food, &c. They also loan articles of clothing and bedding to the sick. They have seven regular pensioners, at one dollar per month.

The following letter received by one of the managers of the Bennett Street Society, is well calculated to interest the feelings of the benevolent heart. Its style is indicative of better days having been seen by the writer.

MADAM:—I find it has fallen to my lot to be obliged to solicit a little kindness. I have experienced so much of your goodness on a former occasion, that I take the liberty of addressing you at this time. My husband has been out of work for some weeks past, and is not able to obtain any satisfaction, though he has tried at a great many places. The pay he received when he worked, was so small that we were not able to lay up any thing, and consequently we are now very poor. We are in want of food at present, and though it is indeed very painful to our feelings, still we have thought it better to acquaint you with our situation. I trust no member of your family may ever know what a distressing feeling it is to be a stranger in a strange country, without any means of assisting himself. However, I know the earth is the Lord's, and I trust he will provide for us and for our babes. With a grateful remembrance of your kindness, I am, madam, respectfully yours,

Saturday evening.

SABBATH SCHOOL PRAYER-MEETINGS.—The second Sabbath evening in every month, has been recommended by the Sabbath School Convention of the Boston District, to be devoted to a Sabbath School Prayer-meeting. These meetings may be rendered additionally interesting, by devoting a portion of the evening to reading accounts of revivals in Sabbath Schools, Sabbath School anecdotes, and accounts of the happy deaths of pious children. For such purpose, we recommend the following pieces, which appear in the last three numbers of the Herald. In November 21, a very affecting account of the sickness and death of Lydia L. Rice. In November 28, a short piece entitled "Scholars praying for their Teachers." And in the present paper, the account of the Sabbath School Love Feast at Lynn; also two pieces, the first entitled, "Encouragement to S. S. Teachers," and the second, "Affecting Scenes."

Our brethren in the ministry may rest assured, that a half, or three quarters of an hour, devoted to the reading of such articles, will tend greatly to interest and increase the congregations at the Sabbath School Prayer-meetings, and rouse the members of the church to greater activity in promoting the advancement of this blessed institution.

## A NEW TRIBUTE TO JAMES B. TAYLOR.

In 1835, a Memoir of James Brainerd Taylor, was prepared by Dr. J. H., and Dr. B. H. Rice. So much was the public pleased with this work, that six or eight editions have been called for. The object of the Memoir was "to assist young preachers and candidates for the ministry in determining a question of very great importance." The *New Tribute to his Memory*, "exhibits to candidates for the Christian ministry, his religious character and example, as a model for their imitation." It contains his Diary and his Letters, which let the reader into the heart of this lovely Christian.

These two books have been very much read and admired by devoted and conscientious Christians. The interesting fact, that Mr. Taylor was a firm believer in the doctrine of Christian perfection, as understood by our denomination, has gained for him many admirers among us. While Mr. Taylor was pursuing his studies at New Haven, preparatory to his entering the ministry, he was suddenly taken with bleeding from the lungs, or throat. It was in Oct. 1827, his age being then 26. He says in his diary,

Yesterday after dinner, when I was about to sit down to my studies, having been busy fitting my room, &c., I coughed slightly, upon which there was a discharge of blood, so much so, that I called a physician. To what ever results it may lead, I am in no way distressed; on the contrary, I am raised in spirit. To die is gain. Was much blessed this evening. I have longed for a more devoted soul in living to God, and I hope that the coming session will find me more like Christ. In view of my condition, I was broken-hearted, and wept for the longing which I had to win souls for God. But the Lord's will be done. Heaven is a good place for the holy.

This attack interrupted his studies, which was a severe trial to him. His physician was willing he should remain at College, on condition that he suspended application, and attended lectures, and applied himself to books, only as a mere relaxation. On this point he says,

I feel that I can put my cause into the hands of God, and leave myself at his disposal. Had a delightfully sweet and melting season at my devotions last evening. On Friday evening too, was most sweetly refreshed, while on Jesus I reposed. How calmly, and meltingly, and lovingly, I leaned on his bosom. I could say, my dear, dear Lord Jesus.

Threw myself on the bed and dropped asleep this afternoon. I awoke from a sweet dream. Thought I was at a meeting of Presbytery. Dr. Spring prayed. My heart broke, and when I awoke, I was weeping with a heart full of intense love for the cause of the dear Redeemer. The savor of this dream was sweet and fragrant.

"Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I'll lay me on thy bosom, Lord."

November 18. Have had, at intervals, acute pain in my side, during the week past. But the tendency has been to win my heart over to the Lord, and to chain my affections to the cross. It has done its kind office. My

heart has leaned on my Heavenly Father, and drawn my arms, as it were, around the neck of my dear, dear Jesus. O, how sweet it has been to lie at his feet and weep and love!

God has made such discoveries to my soul, as I never expected, or dared to hope for, in this world. They are wonderful! wonderful! My body can hardly contain this immortal being which struggles within! I am willing to live my three-score years and ten. I wish for it only that I may preach the gospel. But I shall be happy to finish my work, and mount away to Jesus.

He was finally compelled to relinquish his studies, and journeyed to the South in Nov. 1828, where he lingered until the next March, when he died in much peace and holy triumph. In one of his last letters he says,

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keeps my heart through Jesus Christ. Since I saw you, I have not been a stranger to sweet baptisms. Their calm, dove-like influences leave within the soul, lasting, solid peace."

The account of his sickness, which was borne with so much meekness and patience, and the account of his death and burial, will unlock the fountains of the head, and make the child of God, while he weeps over this affecting "Tribute to his Memory," sigh for that ardent love which animated his breast.

## PREACHER'S AID SOCIETY.

Chicago Falls, Mass., Nov. 16, 1838.

DEAR BROTHER KING:—When I read, in the *Herald* for August 15, the report of the committee on the best means of raising funds for our benevolent institutions, I concluded to govern myself by its instructions; but when I came to converse with individuals on the expediency of organizing the first society proposed in the report, viz: the *Preacher's Aid Society*, so many objections were thrown in the way, that I gave up the idea of forming a society, but purposed to get what I could by privately soliciting subscriptions, and by this means, if no more, redeem my pledge. But the month of September, and a part of October passed away, and left me without a cent for the worn out man of God, the widow and the orphan. I saw, by this course, I was bringing the claims of the *Preacher's Aid Society*, the *Missionary Society*, and the *Sabbath School Society*, all together, and consequently should do but little or nothing for either. With a further delay, therefore, I laid the subject before a few brethren, who encouraged me by saying, "there is nothing like trying." Consequently, a constitution was prepared and presented to the church, and after a few words of explanation and incitement, the constitution was adopted, the officers chosen, and between twelve and fifteen dollars subscribed. Subsequently our collection (embracing, one being appointed for each class.) presented the claims of the society to the several members of their classes, and obtained a number of dollars more. Of what has been subscribed, we have collected \$16 67 which you will find inclosed in this letter. The residue I will forward as soon as I shall receive it.

Yours, &c. P. T. KENNEY.

BR. BROWN:—I would thank you to lay Br. Kenney's communication before the readers of the *Herald*. To me it is very encouraging, and I doubt not, it will be to them. Pursuing the old way of doing business, he became convinced, that very little would be done for any good cause, but following the new plan recommended by the conference, he succeeded beyond his own expectations. Br. K.'s pledge was only five dollars. He will no doubt raise twenty.

Let our leading brethren abandon the pernicious notion, that there are but few in the church, who feel able or willing to patronize our benevolent institutions. Let them lay the claims of the church before all our people. Let them have a time for every thing, and every thing at the time. Let them have efficient committees, or collectors, and the nine thousand dollars our conference voted to raise, will be a practical demonstration, that *Ty* is not conquered.

Affectionately,

D. S. KING.

Boston, December 1.

HISTORY OF THE "STRIPED PIG."—Whipple & Danrell have published a small book, entitled, "The History of the Striped Pig." It is, of course, a satirical performance, giving the various mutations, and transformations of this singular beast—this four-footed animal of the trough; or, in other words, it describes the doings of the run-parry since the passage of the late wholesome license law. It is evidently written by a man of talents, and will well repay a perusal. The last chapter relates the slaughter of the "striped pig." We copy a few lines of it.

We find the following touching obituary in the papers of Nov. 13th, published in the morning for the evening: "Died yesterday, at the ballot-boxes, of delirium tremens, that wonderful beast, that 'most delicate monster







